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COMMUNICATIONS.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Essay Read Before the Sunday School Convention, which met at Hillsburg, Miss., Aug. 27, by Miss Maggie L. Tate.

Little did the woman of Samaria realize what a wise example she had placed before Christian women of all ages when she left her water-pot and went and told the people that she had found Christ. Satisfied that she had found Him, she made all possible haste to tell the good news to others. She left her water-pot at the well, and went on her way, and she went not up to a distant city, but unto one near by, and many of the Samaritans were converted by her words, and many others who went but to see Christ believed on him. Thus one woman was instrumental in the conversion of many souls. If she had waited to take her water-pot along, Christ might have gone away before she reached the city. Likewise, she of this age who would serve the Master must leave something behind her, must sacrifice something so she may advance more swiftly upon her mission.

Woman is by nature a missionary. She was sent into the world to make it a happier and a better place, but she often fails in her mission because she attempts something untimely. She is ambitious, and instead of working quietly and unobtrusively in the place which first claims her attention, she wants to go to China. She is constantly beside all waters, but she forgets to preach the gospel to every creature. Such is her imperfect sense of duty that she will pass an untold day without speaking of Christ. I like the woman of Samaria, who would go into distant cities to missionize, and neglect the heathen at home.

One of the greatest demands of the age is for earnest Christian women who will missionize quietly in their own towns and speak of Christ to the people of their immediate acquaintance. There are too many religious friends among the female members of our churches, ladies who are not missionaries. Undoubtedly they are ladies in every sense of the word; they dress nicely, keep house beautifully and are charming father or sons. They go to church on nice days, and their names are called out once a year from the roll of church members. Nevertheless, they are dead weights to all Christian progress, and they do more to hinder the cause of Christ, by not doing anything, than all the party-going girls in the neighborhood. They spend a whole hour in discussing the merits of croquet, work, and make, and secular pursuits of various kinds, but ask them to assist in any church work, such as the Temperance Society, or Sunday School, and they are speechless. They are so afraid of doing something un lady-like and that people will make remarks about them, that they retreat within themselves and are silent, painfully silent. They ought to be stoked away in glass cases, out of the dust, and exhibited only once or twice a year, just to show how near nothing anything can be.

It is the Angel at the gate who admits these lady-like, soulless figures into heaven; it will doubtless be only to set off, by way of contrast, the faithful sisters who have toiled so bravely in the vineyard of the Master.

While driving to Sunday School one morning I overtook a small colored lad who was trudging along on foot. I asked him if he wanted to ride, and he climbed up and seated himself, well pleased to meet with such good fortune. He said his name was Jim, and after a little pleasant talk, I asked him if he could tell me who made the world. "Made it?" he questioned, in much astonishment, "was it made?" "Yes," I said, "God made it, and how long do you suppose God was in making the world, Jim?" "I don't no," he said, "but seven hundred years, I reckon." Then I asked him if he knew who Christ was, and his answer put to flight whatever timidity I felt in attempting to speak of the deity to one that would hear the story for the first time from my lips. "I never heard of him," he said. "I never heard of him," I said, "but I have tried to preach, or that Jim had ever tried to preach, yet I don't think the beautiful Old Story was ever told with more enthusiasm or listened to with greater attention than that summer morning when I told it and Jim listened."

I wonder how many Jims, black and white, young and old, there are in the State of Mississippi. There are so many until we had rather not know. It is likely that there are enough to employ all the missionaries of the State, both home and foreign, for quite awhile. Think of the ignorance that exists among the colored people! We try to shut our eyes to it and forget it, and we reap our reward, for at every local option election the colored voters are largely ruled by the tyrant ignorance, and they vote for a law, which, were they better informed, they would oppose as heartily as we.

When will Christian people learn to appreciate the eternal fitness of things? I would that not another dollar, not another cent, and not another mill, were spent by Mississippians for foreign missions until every soul at home has heard the glad tidings of a risen Savior, and every country of our noble State has enlisted under that banner which bears the device, "Whisky must go."

An American missionary at Constantinople was once relating the beauties of the Christian religion to a Mohammedan, when some American sailors passed by howling and cursing in a delirium of drunken frenzy. Pointing to them, the follower of Mohammed said, "Do you want our people to be like that? Mohammedans drink no wine, and we have rather keep our religion which forbids wine drinking, than to take your religion which permits such excesses as that."

So long as Christians men overlook the necessity of missionizing among the heathen at home, and Christian women sit contentedly with folded hands, just so long will the religion of Christ be hampered with ignorance, drunkenness and vice.

O Christian women of the land, arouse! Leave your water-pots and hasten into the nearest cities and tell the people that you have seen Christ. Tell the story to the little ones, gather them in from the highways and by ways, and stamp on their hearts the image of Him who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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er from Chester (or Edgfield) S. C.,
hence he came with his father to

As a willing worker she constantly aided in building the Redeemer's

[illegible]

Do you want an Organ
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Shub
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COX & WHITE ORGAN
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POETRY.

COMPENSATION.

BY JAMES OGDEN.

More firmly rooted stands the tree
By rough winds tossed and shaken.
His arms more deeply pierce the loam,
A stronger grasp have taken.
And so the trials that prove and test
Him, who on Christ believeth,
Make strong his heart, his soul is blest
And his new grace revealeth.
Though chains of sin, as slaves we wear,
There's one who saves and frees us,
Though needy here, in heaven we'll share
The royal wealth of Jesus.
Though steep the path, and rough the road,
The greater heights we're gaining;
Though long we've been our heavy load,
The less the toil remaining.
A weary cloud is silver-lined,
So every dispensation,
Though harsh it seem, is rich well found,
With golden compensation.

EDITORIAL.

Time and Patience.

A letter from a friend who has been called to pass through much bodily affliction had in it one expression which touched us as being so frequently the voice of the outcome of a long struggle with self will and human ambition. "It will take time and patience to do that," wrote this chastened child of God. How many of us have said this of every good thing we hoped to achieve, how weary sometimes has been the waiting, how sorely has patience been taxed. Ah, who can tell what heart throbs have been soothed of their turbulence by these words—time and patience. How weary at times have we grown of hearing them, the present was all we could call ours, faith was weak, and the agony of present affliction was so overwhelming, how could we wait with patience for time, the deadener of impressions, the exhaustor of energy, to bring relief? Perhaps love's greatest trial comes in long waiting for the fulfillment of promise, in the slow realization of hopes that promised so much. Here too, perhaps, comes in faith's greatest test for triumph. Hope seems short of her buoyancy and love sits in the semi-darkness of fear. Faith lays her hand upon the sure promises and whispers, "wait patiently, in due season the answer will come." So much for the suffering, the sorrowing and to them we know the waiting and the patience would be impossible, but that God gives the grace for it day by day, but to the zealous workers this talk of taking time and patience to accomplish the results they seek to bring about seems irritating, almost exasperating. They see the whitening fields, they feel that they are in the midst of dying men and women, whose souls must be lost without the gospel and they find it very hard to be patient with those church members who act as if they were sleeping car passengers for the celestial city, but our oft repeated phrase "it will take time and patience," here rises above the level of platitudes and incites a spirit of long-suffering and kind that like the Father God stretches out his hand all day long to disobedient children. Personal observation has brought us into closest sympathy with the Christy men and women who are in the forefront of the battle between Christ and Satan. Their trials, their struggles, their self-sacrificing lives are known to us and we do not wonder that at times these consecrated workers feel restive under the stolid indifference of some and galled under the thoughtless criticism of others who ought to be marching shoulder to shoulder in solid phalanx against the works of the evil one. It no wonder that sometimes they cannot receive with equanimity the assurance that time and patience will accomplish what they long to see done now, but even this grace of patient waiting must be cultivated, and God will crown every worker who becomes its exemplar with peace and joy unpeakable.

Do the brethren who have developed churches realize what it costs a real missionary—sprited pastor to say, "my churches are not yet educated up to this liberal giving, and therefore I cannot pledge them for any amount. I can only say what I will do." These pastors have much to meet which demands patience, and they ask this boon of the advance guard, "give us time and patience, we are coming, and we will bring the churches we serve with us." In Christ's name having done all that can be done, let those in the van guard wait patiently, and the scripture lessons for these are: "Wait on the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart. Wait I say on the Lord." Let patience have her perfect work.

TEMPERANCE.

High license is only a buffer in the liquor traffic and the popular indignation against it.—*Neat Doe.*

The costly saloon system of the country draws its life-blood very largely from workingmen. Of the 150,000 retail liquor dealers and saloon-keepers workingmen chiefly are their supporters.—*E.*

It is as plain to me as the sun in a clear summer sky, that the license laws of our country constitute one of the main pillars on which the stupendous fabric of intemperance now rests.—*Rev. Hiram Humphrey, 1887.*

The law which licenses the sale of ardent spirits is an impediment to the temperance reformation. Whenever public opinion and the moral sense of our community shall be so far corrected and matured as to regard them in their true light and when the public safety shall be thought to require it, dram shops will be indictable at common law as public nuisances.—*Judge Watt.*

Christians must oppose manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating beverages by all practicable methods. Legal prohibition, moral suasion, and the practice of total abstinence are demanded.—*Conference of Evangelical Churches at Xenia, 1877.*

There was a time when the temperance movement was largely the struggle of a few poor victims of the traffic to free themselves. That day has passed. The reform has become a part of the religious faith of the nation, and in spite of all the sophistries and work of the drunkard-makers and their aiders and abettors, the day is not far distant when a state will no longer license a man to carry on a business to debauch the loved ones of the women of this land than it will license a man to steal the jewels from their jewel cases.—*John B. Fitch.*

It may be taken to be the solemnly declared judgment of the people of the commonwealth, that the principle of licensing the traffic in intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and thus giving legal sanction to that which is regarded in itself an evil, is no longer admissible in morals or in legislation. A return to the license system would revive the opprobrium which public sentiment always adjudges to a monopoly established by law, rendered all the more intense by the offensive nature of the business thus supported by the sanction and protection of the Legislature.—*Gov. Bullock, of Mass., in 1861, when he was of the Judiciary Committee of Mass. Legislature.*

The law [the license law of 1895] was enacted through the influence of those who wished to drink more and those who hoped to sell more. The result at once began to exhibit itself in our jail and houses of correction, and, as usual, now begins to make its record directly and indirectly on the registers of our various state pauper establishments, lunatic hospitals, and reformatories. Poverty and vice are what the poor man buys with his poisoned liquor, sickness, beastliness, laziness, and pollution are what the state gives in return for the license money which the dram seller fetches from the lean purse of the day-laborer and the half grown lad, and hands over, saluted with shame, to the high-salaried official who receives it.—*Report of the Secretary of the Board of State Charities, Mass., 1898.*

It must be admitted that the business of liquor selling in the city is, to a very large extent, in the hands of irresponsible men and women, whose idea of a license law ends with the simple matter of paying a certain sum, the amount making little difference to them provided they are left to do as they please after payment. The Sunday trade is enormous, and it seems as if there were not hours enough in the whole round of twenty-four, or days enough in the entire week, to satisfy the dealers. The Commissioners consider the three greatest abuses of the traffic to be sales of impure liquors, sales on Sunday, and sales at late hours.—*Report of License Commissioners of Boston, 1877.*

Upon the statute book of Massachusetts is a law forbidding the sale of liquors as a beverage; she is now asked to license, regulate, protect and make respectable the sale of that which causes the vice which extinguishes reason, and is the arch abomination of our nature. I heretofore met this demand for a license law to sell liquor in Massachusetts with a prompt, peremptory, and emphatic "No." I would as soon vote to repeal the Constitutional Amendment that made slavery forever impossible in America, as I would vote to repeal the prohibitory liquor law in this State. The present law may fail, it may not be executed, it may be stricken from the statute book. But whatever may come, in God's name spare Massachusetts from the shame of authorizing, by a Massachusetts law, any man to put a bottle to the lips of his neighbor.—*Henry Wilson, 1867.*

SELECTED.

TROTT'S GENEROSITY.

One afternoon when Miss Ray was busy writing at her desk, the door opened and her little niece, Trotty Blackian, came in.

"Aunt Della," said Trotty, in a very discontented tone of voice, "I'm just as lonesome as I can be. Dick has gone out to coast with Horace Lenman, and I'm tired playing with my dolls and toys."

"I shouldn't think you'd ever get tired playing with such pretty things," said Miss Ray, as she wiped her pen and put it aside. "But if you don't care for them any longer perhaps you will be willing to give some of them away."

"Every little girl I know has plenty of toys already and wouldn't want any of mine," said Trotty.

"But I know some little girls who haven't any at all, and never did have any," said her aunt. "I saw them yesterday, when I was out making charity calls with Miss Vesey. They live in one room in the top story of a wretched house, on a very narrow dirty street, and their names are Mary and Julia Morgan."

"Their mother goes out every day to wash and scrub, and leaves them all alone to amuse themselves as best they can. Poor little things! One of them had made up a doll out of an old shawl, and was rocking it as tenderly as if it had been a real baby, and the other was stringing some horn buttons on a thread. I thought of you, Trotty, and of that nursery full of toys, and I told the children that I had a little niece who would be very glad to send them some things with which to play. They were delighted, and asked all sorts of questions about you. And little Julia said, as I had her good-bye—"

"Oh, lady, tell Trotty to send me a really doll baby."

"And so I will," said Trotty, who had listened very attentively to every word her aunt had said, and whose face now beamed with generosity. "I will send them ever and ever so many things."

"You can send them your old and broken toys," said her aunt. "Anything at all will seem beautiful to them, I know."

"I will bring in here all the things I will send," said Trotty, running off to the nursery, her heart full of kindness and good-will.

She returned presently with a very pretty china doll.

"I am going to send my Rosa to little Julia," she said.

"That is very generous," said Miss Ray. "Are you going to send little broken Sallie, too?"

Then they both laughed, for little broken Sallie was a small china doll about three inches long, which had lost both arms and legs and all its clothes. It had been knocking about the nursery for a couple of years and had been rescued from Bridget's dust pan half a dozen times.

"Yes," said Trotty, "I guess I'll send little Sallie, too. I'll be glad to get rid of her—Dick laughs at her so much."

Back to the nursery she ran, returning in a few minutes with her apron full of toys. There was a china duck, a box of ten-pins, a Noah's ark, a picture-book, a wooden horse, and a set of tin dishes.

"You're a good little girl," said Miss Ray, as she examined the contents of the apron. "And I know Mary and Julia will fairly go out for joy when they see those things. But are you quite willing to spare them? Trotty? I don't want you to feel sorry after a while that you were so generous."

"I've lots more, auntie, you know," said Trotty. "I won't even miss 'em."

"Very well. Put them all in that covered basket in my closet, and set the basket in the hall. I will send it to the little girls this afternoon," by Bridget."

"Trotty did as she was told, and then went into the nursery to play, feeling very well satisfied with herself.

She picked up the wax doll, and began to address it to put it to bed.

"Daisy, do you miss Rosy?" she asked.

Daisy didn't answer, of course; but Trotty thought the brown eyes looked very sad.

"I miss Rosy," she continued. "I don't believe I can let her go away to that dirty street, Daisy, and just suppose she had no bed to sleep in. No—I don't believe I can let her go."

She sat thinking about the matter a few minutes, and then went out to the hall and took Rosy out of the basket.

She tucked both dolls up in bed, and then pretended that Rosy's confinement in the basket had made her sick, and that she wanted tea. But there was no waiter on which to carry the cup and saucer to the bedside.

"I'll have to take back that waiter," thought Trotty. "I see I can't spare it."

So she ran out in the hall and took the waiter out of the basket.

When she had given Rosy her tea—which was really only water obtained from the spigot in the bath-room—she sat down to look at pictures.

"This book isn't near so nice as the one I put in that basket," she thought, discontentedly. "I don't believe I ought to have given away my very best book. I guess I'd better take it back. Auntie said she didn't want me to feel sorry for being generous, and I would be sorry if I let my best book go."

So she went into the hall and took out the book.

A little later she concluded that if she let the box of ten-pins go Dick would be vexed, so she took them back again, and she soon found good and sufficient reasons for taking back the wooden horse, the Noah's ark, the china duck and the tin dishes.

After lunch, Miss Ray rang the bell for Bridget, and directing her where to find the house in which the Morgans lived, told her to take the basket to them.

Bridget went off very much pleased at the chance of getting away from the street, and her head was full of a bunch of artificial flowers she meant to buy for her bonnet that she did not notice that the basket was very light.

She found the two little girls talking of what Trotty would be likely to send them, and when they saw the basket they clapped their hands and danced around Bridget like little mad creatures.

"Is there a doll in the basket?" asked little Julia. "The lady said Trotty would send me a really doll."

"I guess there's one in there," said Bridget. "But you can open it, and find out yourself. I haven't time to stop."

So she set down the basket, and went off to buy the bunch of flowers. "Let's wait until mother comes home before we look at the pretty things," said Mary.

"No, I can't wait," said little Julia. "I want my doll baby right now."

So they both shut their eyes tight and took off the cover of the basket. Then they looked. And what do you think they saw? Only little broken Sallie.

"Poor children! Their disappointment was very great. They could scarcely believe at first that the basket held nothing else, and patted up a piece of newspaper at the bottom hidden under it."

"No, there isn't nothing else," said Mary, trying to keep back her tears. "There's only this little broken doll, Julia."

Little Julia did not try to keep back the tears at all. She threw herself on the floor, and cried until her eyes were red.

"I'll never, never have a doll," she sobbed. "And I wanted one so much!"

"I think it Trotty had been able to look into that attic room just then she would have felt very sorry that she had been so selfish, and had made the little girls so unhappy."

But Trotty was out driving in the park with her mamma, with Daisy in her lap, and was trying to forget all about the basket Bridget had carried away.

But somehow or other, she couldn't forget it, and she looked so sober that her mamma was afraid she was not feeling well.

"What's the matter, Trotty?" she asked.

"I—I don't know," answered Trotty. "I guess my head aches."

And then she put her head down in her mamma's lap and began to cry.

Her mother told the coachman to drive home at once, and soon had Trotty tucked up in bed, where the little girl lay all the rest of the afternoon.

Just before tea time, Aunt Della came in.

"Why, Trotty, she said, looking at her niece, "you're looking so much better. You'll feel better when you tell about Bridget and the basket."

"Oh, auntie!" interrupted Trotty, rising up in the bed and throwing her arms about her aunt's neck, "is just that basket that made me sick. I'm so sorry about it."

And then the whole story came out.

Miss Ray couldn't help smiling as she listened to the poor little girl's confession; but it was so sad that Trotty couldn't see, and she thought her aunt must be very much shocked or she would say something.

"If you'll only send them another basket, I'll fill it up to the top," said the poor child, the tears running down her cheeks. "And I'll put in Daisy, Aunt Della, and I'll put in only what is little value to you, dear," said her aunt, "and we will go out together and buy some toys."

So the next day a second basket was carried to the little Morgans, and this time it was so heavy that Trotty's arms ached from carrying it up the stairs to the attic, and the very first thing that came out of it when it was unpacked was a tin wax doll, with flaxen hair and eyes that would open and shut.

And when Trotty saw little Julia's delight as she hugged the "really doll baby" to her heart, she was very glad Daisy had found a new home, poor as it was, and she never felt sorry that she had given the doll away.—*Golden Days.*

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